

**AMERICAN DRAGON**  
"BITE FATHER, BITE SON"  
(777A-227)

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dad faces Jake, hands tucked furtively behind his back.

1	DAD	1
	Happy Take Your Child to Work Day, Jakers! Just think: Father and son, side by side, sweatin' for their daily bacon.	

He presents Jake with a gift-wrapped box.

2	JAKE	2
	Um...what's this?	

3	DAD	3
	On the very first T-Y-C-Dubya Day, when caveman took caveboy to hunt brontosaurus, he furnished him with a crude spear. And thus I furnish thee with a tool thee can use in the wilds of wealth management. (nods) G'head. Open it.	

Jake rips the wrapping: A keypad full of numbers.

4	JAKE	4
	A calculator?	

5	DAD	5
	It's a compound-interest calculator! A financial planner's <u>weapon of mass deduction.</u>	** **
	(studies Jake)	
	Say...you seem a little down in the dumpy. What's wrong, Jake Michigan?	

6	JAKE	6
	Nothing, Dad, it's just...Trixie <u>gets to spend the day</u> flying jet fighters with her dad...	** **

WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. JET FIGHTER COCKPIT - DAY

TIGHT ON TRIxie in an aviator's helmet. "RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES" blares as the atmosphere spins wildly.

She <SCREAMS> with joyful abandon.

7	TRIXIE	7
	WAH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HOOO!	

8	JAKE (V.O.)	8
	...Spud's hangin' with his mom at	**
	<u>their restaurant</u> , Familio	**
	Festevedro's...	

WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - DAY

MRS. SPUDINSKI and SPUD bustle around a colorful dining hall. \*\*  
(It's Buca di Beppo meets Chuck E. Cheese.)

9	MRS. SPUDINSKI	9
	<u>Five minutes to doors-open, Arthur!</u>	**

10	SPUD (CONT'D)	10
	<u>No worries, Mom. The tables are</u>	**
	<u>set, the candles are lit, and the</u>	**
	<u>Pizza Time Players are disinfected.</u>	**

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - a stage full of ANIMATRONIC PAISANS twirling pizza dough. Spud squints at one of them, picking a final nit from its mustache.

Mrs. Spudinski beams back at him.

11	JAKE (V.O.)	11
	...even Brad's <u>having fun</u> .	**

WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

BRAD rides shotgun with his DAD, a cop with a handlebar mustache (each wears a three-point seatbelt). Brad drums a nightstick on the dash.

12	BRAD	12
	Bradster and Dadster, on the beat.	**
	<u>I dare any perps to perpetrate!</u>	**

3.

13 BRAD'S DAD 13  
So you like being a lawman, eh,  
Brad?

14 BRAD 14  
(attention deficient)  
Can I do the whoop-whoop again?

15 BRAD'S DAD 15  
(chuckling)  
Make 'er sing, son. \*\*

Brad <BLARES THE POLICE SIREN>.

WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

16 JAKE 16  
No offense, but compared with all  
that, crunching numbers is kinda  
dull.

17 DAD 17  
Are you kiddin' me? We'll have a  
heckuva time! And in this family, \*\*  
when we work hard, we play hard. \*\*  
That's right... \*\*  
(leans in)  
...first thing tomorrow I'm takin' \*\*  
you to build sand castles on \*\*  
Rockaway Beach. You always loved  
that!

18 JAKE 18  
(under his breath)  
Yeah...when I was eight.

Dad turns to a row of photos on the mantle. He eyes a  
picture of a man and boy in leggy early-'70s swim trunks.

19 DAD 19  
Your Grandpa Long took me there  
when I was a nipper...

He moves to the next photo: Dad and Young Jake in the '90s. \*\*  
Dad sports Vanilla Ice-style shaved eyebrows. \*\*

20 DAD (CONT'D) 20  
...I've taken you for years...

He reaches an empty frame.

21 DAD (CONT'D) 21  
 ...and someday, you'll go there  
 with your boy-child.  
 (turns back to Jake)  
 Like father, like son.

PUSH IN on Jake as we FANTASY DISSOLVE TO...

MIDDLE-AGED JAKE on a beach, 30 YEARS HENCE.

His green highlights are frosted gray. He wears a pocket  
 protector, rib-high jams and garters. He calls to a BOY in \*\*  
 the water. \*\*

22 JAKE 22  
 High tide's a-comin', Jakeroonie  
 Junior! Better paddle your saddle \*\*  
 back to the ol' Daddle! \*\*

BACK TO SCENE

Jake shudders at the image.

23 JAKE 23  
 Aw, man...

SMASH TO: \*\*

OPENING TITLES \*\*

ACT ONE

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY

Morning gridlock on the bridge. A FUNERAL HEARSE weaves through traffic, led by an ominous hood ornament: a screech owl with fierce eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HEARSE - DAY

A pale old woman (QUEEN LILIANA) lies outstretched in an open coffin, flanked by her redheaded sons RADU and SANDU. A third son, NICU, drives the car.

Sandu presses his face to the HEAVILY-TINTED WINDOW.

24	SANDU	24
	(Slavic accent)	
	Heyyyy! New York City! Home of	
	Lady Liberty, baseball players with	
	stripey pants, and Chicago-style	
	pizza!	

Nicu gestures grandly.

25	NICU	25
	If I can make it here...I will make	
	it everywhere!	

The queen stirs.

26	QUEEN LILIANA	26
	Enough, you mules!	

They stop, cowed.

27	QUEEN LILIANA (CONT'D)	27
	Do not forget our purpose here!	
	Only the blood of the American	
	Dragon...<coughs>...can sustain us.	

Radu leans in close.

28	RADU	28
	You'll excuse my brothers, Mama.	
	You know how they love the NYC.	
	(beat)	
	Please, guide us to the beast.	
	What do you see?	

\*\*

Queen Liliana closes her eyes, stroking her temples.

We PULL WIDE as she receives a PSYCHIC VISION:

A milky CLOUD materializes above her head. In the cloud, we see AN IMAGE OF JAKE IN GYM CLOTHES.

29 QUEEN LILIANA 29  
I see...the dragon's true form. He  
is human...masculine...with sharp,  
pointy hair.

In the cloud, the image of Jake DISSOLVES into a STREET ADDRESS: brass numbers against a sandstone wall.

30 QUEEN LILIANA (CONT'D) 30  
(growing breathless)  
We will find him at this  
address...one eighty-two...Shorn  
Eagle...Drive.

She <GASPS>. Her body seizes, then goes limp.

31 RADU 31  
Sleep well, my queen. When you  
wake, you will drink from the  
dragon.

He smiles, revealing LONG, FANGY INCISORS.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BROWNSTONE - DAY

TIGHT on Dad in a sweatband.

32 DAD 32  
Time to get the ol' blood pumpin'!

WIDER - He stands on the front lawn beside Jake, who's dressed in gym clothes.

33 DAD (CONT'D) 33  
Nothin' like a little cardio before  
work to start the ticker tockin'.

Dad punches "PLAY" on a boombox, <BLARING BOUNCY JAZZ MUSIC>. He starts high-stepping to the beat.

Jake looks around, self-conscious.

34 JAKE 34  
Dad...what are you doing?

35 DAD 35  
 It's called "Ju Jazzu." Lethal  
 ground-fighting moves set to  
 uptempo jazz standards. I'll show  
 ya.

He strikes various poses.

36 DAD (CONT'D) 36  
 Widowmaker Punch. Monkey Steals  
 the Peaches. Lotus Throat Strike.  
 Buck and wing, buck and wing...and,  
 jazz hands!  
 (points to Jake)  
 You try it!

As Dad begins a set of deep knee-bends, Jake hears the <RUSH>  
 of an oncoming car.

37 JAKE 37  
 Aw, someone's gonna see me.

Panicked, he dives into a hedge as--

The hearse rolls into frame. Radu, Sandu and Nicu peer  
 through the window.

FROM THEIR P.O.V. - Dad pops into view with wild, sweat-  
 sculpted hair. Just behind him, a sign reads: "182 SHORN  
 EAGLE DRIVE."

They study him. Radu turns to the others.

38 RADU 38  
 We have found him, brothers...the  
 American Dragon.

SUBWAY MAP  
 TRANSITION:

INT. DAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Dad sweeps his arm across a vast honeycomb of cubicles. \*\*

39 DAD 39  
 Someday, boy, all this can be  
 yours!  
 (beat) \*\*  
 Well...this, anyway. \*\*

He narrows his span to a single cubicle. \*\*

40	DAD	40	**
Nothin' fancy, just a few a-cooter-			**
ments to brighten up my corner of			**
the world.			**
He displays his desk toys.			**
41	DAD	41	**
Bobblehead kitten. Zen garden.			**
Hula girl.			**
(smiles slyly)			**
Rude noisemaker.			**
He holds up an electronic device and presses a button,			**
blasting a FOUL NOISE: <FFFRRAAAPPTT!>. His CO-WORKERS			**
crane their heads to find the culprit.			**
42	DAD	42	**
(mock disgusted)			**
Eww, Jake!			**
(to co-workers)			**
Can you believe this guy?			**
Suddenly, we hear a THUNDERING VOICE.			
43	MR. LOCHGELLY (O.S.)	43	
JONA-THAN!			
Dad brightens.			
44	DAD	44	
Ooh, it's the head cheese, Mr.			
Lochgelly.			
MR. LOCHGELLY peers over their cube. He's a classic "heavy,"			
thick neck and deep-set eyes.			
45	MR. LOCHGELLY (CONT'D)	45	
You seemed to have missed my memo,			
Jonathan, so I'll read it to you.			
He whips out a paper:			
46	MR. LOCHGELLY (CONT'D)	46	
"Take Your Child to Work Day must			
NOT interfere with the daily doings			
of this company. All offspring			
will report to the copy room			
immediately, where they will be put			
to work collating documents."			



47 JAKE 47  
Whoa, hold up. I gotta make  
copies?

48 MR. LOCHGELLY 48  
If it's good enough for my  
daughter, it's good enough for you.

49 DAD 49  
Well, how 'bout it, Jakers? You \*\*  
willin' to do your part for the \*\*  
firm? \*\*

Jake trudges off down the hall, <SIGHING HEAVILY>.

50 JAKE 50  
(to himself)  
Trading papercuts with Lochgelly  
Junior? Can this day get any  
lamer?

He rounds the corner into...

INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where he comes face to face with a gorgeous, gum-snapping  
15-year-old: MARNIE LOCHGELLY. She's making copies. \*\*

51 MARNIE 51  
Hey. Marnie Lochgelly.

52 JAKE 52  
Er...Jake. Jake Long. \*\*  
(eyeing the Xerox) \*\*  
So, what can I help you with? \*\*

She hands him a stack of flyers from the tray -- ransom-note  
lettering and funky clip art. \*\*

53 MARNIE 53  
Hmm...you can start by cutting \*\*  
these out. They're flyers for my \*\*  
party tonight. \*\*

54 JAKE 54 \*\*  
Party? \*\*

55 MARNIE 55 \*\*  
(nods) \*\*  
My dad's kind of a dweeb, but he's \*\*  
fair: He said if I put up with him \*\*  
today, the house is mine tonight. \*\*

56        JAKE  
 Ha, I think my dad's got yours beat  
 in the "dweeb" department.

56    \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*

Just then, Dad ducks his head in. He presses a sheet of graph paper to his chin.

57        DAD  
 (pirate voice)  
 Yarrrr, matey! 'Tis I, Spreadsheet  
 Beard!

57

Marnie leans close to Jake.

\*\*

58        MARNIE  
 Yup. You win.

58    \*\*  
 \*\*

Jake stifles a <LAUGH>. Dad just grins, oblivious.

\*\*

59        LOCHGELLY (O.S.)  
 JONA-THAN!

59

Lochgelly storms into view behind Dad.

60        LOCHGELLY (CONT'D)  
 Some high-level executives from a  
 major cosmetics firm just walked  
 in, and for some reason...they're  
 asking for you.

60

Lochgelly storms off. Dad hooks Jake's arm.

61        DAD  
 C'mon, Jake. I want you to see the  
 ol' man in action. 'Round here  
 they call me "King Conference,  
 eighth wonder of the all-purpose  
 room!"

61

\*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*

Dad skips off. Jake follows, stealing a glance back at Marnie. She offers a sympathetic wave.

\*\*

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

\*\*

Jake sits on one side of a long table, stunned.

\*\*

REVERSE - Radu, Sandu and Nicu wear sunglasses and black leather dusters. They each hold an open umbrella, shielding them from the daylight. Dad approaches them.

\*\*

62	DAD	62	
	Can I take your coats, gentlemen?		**
	Or your...umbrellas?		**
63	RADU	63	
	No, thank you, Mr. Long, we are quite comfortable.		
64	DAD	64	
	Well, perhaps you'd care for a hot beverage from our BrewHaHa 4000 Espresso Machine?		**
			**
			**
	He walks over to a sleek ESPRESSO MACHINE in an alcove. He taps the lever.		**
			**
65	DAD	65	
	Whaddya say, can I pull you boys a shot?		**
			**
			**
66	RADU	66	
	(glares pointedly at Jake)		
	Actually, we were hoping to meet with you <u>privately</u> , Mr. Long.		**
	(beat)		
	Perhaps we could step out...for a bite?		
	Dad glances at a wall clock.		**
67	DAD	67	
	Well, it's a tad early for lunch, don't you think?		**
68	JAKE	68	
	C'mon, Dad. A change of scenery's always good. Especially if the scenery's this office.		
	(grins)		
	Who likes Italian?		
	A <SPIRITED ACCORDION TUNE> sweeps us into...		
	INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - DAY		
	Spud is dressed as a gondolier: striped shirt, neckerchief and boater hat. He greets Jake's party at the door.		
69	SPUD	69	
	Welcome to Familio Festevedro's...where we'll never let you frown! Would you signores like a seat on the terrazzo?		**
			**
			**

70	NICU	70	**
Sure, that sounds--			
Radu smacks him over the head.			**
71	RADU	71	
No!			
	(to Spud)		**
	Ahem...my partners and I		**
	are...sensitive to the sunlight.		
	We must insist on a booth indoors,		
	away from any windows.		
72	SPUD	72	
	(nods)		
	Right this way.		
Spud leads them to a curtained booth, turning to Jake as they walk.			**
			**
73	SPUD	73	**
	Hey, Jake, isn't Take Your Child to		**
	Work Day the funnest holiday ever?		**
	I mean, besides Schmingus Dingus...		**
74	JAKE	74	**
	Uh, well--		**
75	MRS. SPUDINSKI (V.O.)	75	
	Arthur!		
Spud spins around to find his mom, wringing her hands by the entrance. Jake ducks into his booth; Mrs. Spudinski pulls Spud into a sidebar.			**
			**
76	MRS. SPUDINSKI	76	
	I've just been informed that a very		
	important V.I.P. is on his way		
	here.		
77	SPUD	77	
	Who's that, Ma?		
78	MRS. SPUDINSKI	78	
	Only the most powerful foodie in		
	the five boroughs...Judge Glamis		
	Cutler!		
She holds up a newspaper. CLOSE ON a photo of GLAMIS CUTLER, a man in a powdered wig. His column is "FOOD COURT," with a graphic of a meat mallet pounding a cube steak.			**

79 MRS. SPUDINSKI 79  
He writes for *The Bugle*. A five-  
star review in "Food Court" could  
triple our business.

80 SPUD 80  
Copy that, Mom-inski. I'll be on  
this dude the minute he walks  
through that... \*\*

She lowers the paper. Cutler's scowling photograph is  
replaced by-- \*\*

The actual Cutler, in the doorway with his telltale powdered  
wig. A 6-year-old boy, LEONARD, holds his hand.

81 SPUD 81 \*\*  
...door. \*\*

82 MRS. SPUDINSKI 82  
Quick, Arthur...show him a table. \*\*

Spud approaches, nervous.

83 SPUD 83  
Welcome to Familio Festivedro's,  
Your Lordship.

84 JUDGE CUTLER 84  
In honor of Take Your Child to Work  
Day, I've brought my son Leonard to  
help me review your establishment.  
Lenny's celebrating a birthday, \*\*  
aren't you, Lenny? \*\*  
(back to Spud) \*\*  
If he's happy, I'm happy. \*\*

Spud stoops eye-level with the boy, who faces away from him. \*\*

85 SPUD 85  
Hey, champ. Ya like pizza pie? \*\*

Leonard turns suddenly -- he's chillingly stone-faced. \*\*

86 SPUD (CONT'D) 86  
<nervous gulp>

WHIP TO:

INT. BOOTH - FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Dad sit across from Radu, Sandu and Nicu.

Jake's eyes drift across the walls, covered with photos of (non-descript) Italian screen idols, boxers and opera tenors...

...and up to the mirrored ceiling.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR - an overhead shot of Dad and Jake...with NO TRACE OF THEIR LUNCH GUESTS.

Jake <GASPS>.

Suddenly, Dad folds his menu shut.

87	DAD	87	
	Well, you'll excuse me, fellas...I		
	gotta visit the little financial		**
	planners' room.		**

They nod, knowingly.

88	JAKE	88	
	Yeah...me too.		**

Jake scoots out of the booth, reaching for his cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

FU DOG paces the floor.

89	FU DOG	89	
	Lemme get this straight, kid.		
	These guys have carrot-red hair, no		
	reflection, and hate the sun?		

Fu closes his eyes. He lets out a pained <EXHALE>.

90	FU DOG	90	
	Alright. I got an idea who your		
	lunch guests are...but I could be		
	wrong. I <u>hope</u> I am.		

Fu pulls a journal from the shelf and opens it.

He runs his finger down a page, landing on a word: "STRIGOI." It appears as a MAGICAL HOTLINK, underlined and embossed. Fu touches it--

Releasing a 3-D HOLOGRAM OF A REDHEADED VAMPIRE WITH FANGS LIKE KNIVES.

91 FU DOG (CONT'D) 91  
 (blanches)  
 Nope, I'm right. They're Strigoi.  
 Curse my encyclopedic knowledge!

92 JAKE (ON PHONE) 92  
 Strigoi? Never heard of 'em.

93 FU DOG 93  
 Well, they're kinda like vampires.  
 Except vampires feed on human  
 blood, and Strigoi feed on,  
 well...yours. \*\*

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Fu's hologram expands: An OLD WOMAN APPEARS beside the  
 redheaded vampire. It's Queen Liliana.

94 FU DOG 94  
 (into phone)  
 Their mother, Queen Liliana, has  
 psychic visions that pinpoint the  
 dragons' locations. They travel  
 around the world, drinkin' dragons  
 to keep themselves alive. When  
 they've had their fill, they can  
 walk freely in the daylight. When  
 they're runnin' low, it might as  
 well be 200 degrees in the shade.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - CONTINUOUS

95 JAKE 95  
 (into phone)  
 So...this whole cosmetics-company  
 thing is just a scam to take a bite  
 outta me? \*\*

96 DAD (O.S.) 96  
 Who ya talkin' to, Jakers?

Dad slaps a hand on Jake's shoulder. Jake flinches.

97 JAKE 97  
 Wha--? Oh, just-just Fu...foot.  
 My foot doctor.  
 (into phone) \*\*  
 (MORE) \*\*

JAKE (CONT'D)

So, you say a topical cream should  
stop the itching?

\*\*  
\*\*

98 DAD

98

Yipes. Well, don't be long. Our  
guests are famished.

\*\*  
\*\*

99 JAKE

99

(mutters)

So I heard.

Dad heads back to the booth.

100 JAKE (CONT'D)

100

(into phone)

What am I supposed to do, Fu? I  
can't dragon up around Dad.

\*\*

101 FU DOG (OVER PHONE)

101

Think, kid. Is there any way of  
gettin' him away from those  
bloodsuckers? Some  
kinda...distraction?

\*\*  
\*\*

As if on cue, the kitchen door swings open.

Spud marches out in a ruffled, Pagliacci-style clown suit,  
<CRASHING> a pair of shiny cymbals.

\*\*

The rest of the WAIT STAFF trail after him, <CLAPPING> to his  
beat. Mrs. Spudinski carries a flaming birthday cake.  
Another WAITER thumps a <BASS DRUM>.

\*\*

Spud leads the group to Leonard. He launches into a frenzied  
serenade:

102 SPUD

102

(singing)

We heard it was your birthday  
It's birthday time for you  
And since it is your birthday  
We'll sing a song for you

BACK ON JAKE - Fu's voice shouts through Jake's receiver.

103 FU DOG (ON PHONE)

103

Sheesh, what's all that racket?

Jake's face brightens.

104 JAKE

104

(into phone)

Our distraction.



He snaps the phone shut. As Spud and friends march around the room--

\*\*

RESTAURANT PATRONS drop their silverware and begin <CLAPPING>.

A CONGA LINE forms. Dad, swept up in the dance fever, rises from his booth and joins in the fun. The Strigoi watch him go, helpless.

Jake seizes his opportunity. He dashes into the booth, and rips the curtain shut behind him--

Shrouding them from view. Jake narrows his eyes at the Strigoi.

105 JAKE (CONT'D) 105  
Alone at last. This'll be fun.  
(puffing out his chest)  
Drag--

106 RADU 106  
(to Sandu/Nicu)  
Hurry! The dragon is getting away!

They clamor past Jake, completely ignoring him.

107 JAKE 107  
Um...okay.

Jake lifts the curtain to see the vampires moving towards Dad. But they're penned in on all sides by the <CLAPPING>, <HOOTING> throng. Jake's dumbfounded. He dials his cell.

\*\*

108 JAKE (CONT'D) 108  
(into phone)  
Yo, Fu? They're after the American  
Dragon, alright...

\*\*

\*\*

The music <SWELLS> to a crescendo. The staff surrounds the Cutler table, mugging for young Leonard. Spud drops to his knees for the big finish.

109 SPUD 109  
(singing)  
We wish you Happy Birthday  
We hope you stay a while  
And all that we require  
Is just a little SMILE

Spud squeezes his bicycle horn. HUH-HONK! HUH-HONK!

BACK ON JAKE - He finishes his thought.

18.

110 JAKE  
(into phone)  
...but they think it's Dad.

110 \*\*

ON SPUD - His bulbous clown nose inches from Leonard's face. \*\*

<SILENCE>. Leonard stares. Unblinking. Unsmiling. \*\*

Sweat streaks down Spud's face.

CUT TO:

JAKE AND SPUD IN SPLIT-SCREEN - both mortified.

111 JAKE/SPUD  
Aw, man...

111

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - DAY - REESTABLISH

Jake watches as Radu, Sandu and Nicu muscle their way through the <CLAPPING> crowd, heading straight for Dad.

112 JAKE 112  
Dad, watch out!

But Dad's lost in the revelry, clapping vigorously.

Just as the vampires near him, fangs bared--

Spud draws back his cymbals...

...unwittingly bouncing REFLECTED DAYLIGHT into their eyes. \*\*

113 RADU/SANDU/NICU 113  
(blinded) \*\*  
Eecch! Sunlight!

114 RADU 114  
Quickly, brothers - retreat!

They open their umbrellas and file out the exit.

115 LOCHGELLY (V.O.) 115  
What do you mean, they just left?

SMASH TO:

INT. LOCHGELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dad relays the events to a fuming Lochgelly.

116 DAD 116  
Upside is, we saved the company a  
whopper of a lunch tab. Those  
fellas were eyein' the veal  
scallopini.  
(beat)  
Plus, they rescheduled for later  
tonight. Said somethin' about  
meeting "just after sunset."  
(shrugs) \*\*  
Guess they're still on Transylvania  
time.

We FLOAT outside into the...

INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where Jake and Marnie sit on adjoining photocopiers. Jake snips out a final flyer and sets it on a tall stack. \*\*

117 JAKE 117 \*\*  
Finished. That's two hundred. \*\*

118 MARNIE 118 \*\*  
Actually, one ninety-nine. \*\*

She hands him one. \*\*

119 MARNIE 119 \*\*  
That's yours. \*\*  
(coily) \*\*  
So...will I see you there tonight? \*\*

Jake blushes.

120 JAKE 120 \*\*  
Sure, I'd love-- \*\*  
(winces) \*\*  
Wait, I can't. I gotta save my \*\*  
dad. \*\*  
(catches himself) \*\*  
Uh, save some time...for my dad.

Marnie <SIGHS>, bummed. \*\*

121 MARNIE 121 \*\*  
Don't you think you done enough \*\*  
father-son bonding for one day? \*\*

122 JAKE 122 \*\*  
I've done enough for a lifetime. \*\*  
The whole day, my dad's been \*\*  
saying: "When you grow up, Jakeroo, \*\*  
you'll be just like me." As if \*\*  
that's a good thing. \*\*

Just then, Dad steps into the door frame behind Jake. Marnie sees him and stiffens.

123 MARNIE 123  
Jake?

124 JAKE 124  
(unloading)  
Plus, my name's Jake. Not "Jake-O-  
Lantern," not "Philly Cheese Jake,"  
not "The Junior Senator From the  
Great State of Jake-ansas." \*\*  
(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 (off Marnie's look)  
 What's wrong?

He turns, finding Dad in the doorway, head hung low.

125 JAKE (CONT'D) 125  
 Dad. Sorry, I-I was just--

126 DAD 126  
 Hey, that's okay, Jaker-- Jacob.  
 Heck, I used to think my old man  
 was a square too. I s'pose **dissein'** \*\*  
**your dad's a** part of being a \*\*  
 teenager.

He glances at his wrist (he's not wearing a watch).

127 DAD (CONT'D) 127  
 Jeeps, look at the time. I gotta  
 vamoose.

Dad **slouches** down the hall. Off Jake's conflicted look, we-- \*\*

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILIO FESTEVEDRO'S - DAY

Spud mugs for Leonard, increasingly desperate.

128 SPUD 128  
 Check it out, Lenny! **I'm a** \*\*  
**boneless chicken!** \*\*

**Spud collapses to the ground, flailing his rubbery limbs.** \*\*

129 SPUD 129 \*\*  
 (clucking) \*\*  
**Bocka-bocka-bah-bock!** \*\*

**He looks at Leonard.** Still deadpan. Judge Cutler dabs his \*\*  
 mouth with a napkin.

130 JUDGE CUTLER 130  
 Check, please.

Spud trades a glance with Mrs. Spudinski, observing from  
 behind the counter.

131 SPUD 131  
 No! Wait! You like parlor tricks,  
 Leonard? **Spud the Spudnificent** \*\*  
 will now remove this tablecloth  
 without disturbing **your dinnerware.** \*\*  
 (to Judge Cutler)  
 (MORE)

SPUD(CONT'D)

Simple physics, really. Objects at rest tend to stay at rest.

He grabs a corner of their checkered tablecloth...

132 SPUD (CONT'D) 132  
And a-one, and a-two...and a-THREE!

...and yanks--

Sending dishes, utensils, sugar packets and flowers HURLING THROUGH THE AIR. They <CLANG> and <SHATTER> on the ground.

After an awkward beat...

133 SPUD (CONT'D) 133  
I hate physics. \*\*

134 JUDGE CUTLER 134  
(rising)  
We've seen enough.

135 SPUD 135  
No! DON'T GO!

CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE CUTLER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Judge Cutler starts his car, with Leonard buckled into the seat beside him.

Spud presses his nose to the passenger window, flaring his nostrils.

136 SPUD 136  
Look, Leonard! I'm Monkey Boy! \*\*

He scratches his armpits like an orangutan.

137 SPUD (CONT'D) 137  
<monkey noises>

Judge Cutler floors the gas. The car pulls away...with Leonard's poker face the last thing we see.

Mrs. Spudinski joins Spud in the street, forlorn. \*\*

138 MRS. SPUDINSKI (CONT'D) 138 \*\*  
I could just scream...

SMASH TO:

INT. JET FIGHTER COCKPIT - DAY

TIGHT ON TRIxie in the plane, rocketing through the wild blue yonder.

139      TRIXIE                                 139  
      (ecstatic)  
WAHOOO!   WA-HA-HA-HAAAA!

Suddenly a fist appears, calmly <KNOCKING> on the cockpit.

```

140      TRIXIE'S DAD (O.S.)
Trix?  Honey?  I'm glad you like
the flight simulator...but it's
time to let the Air Force take a
turn.

```

WE PULL BACK to reveal Trixie's in a FLIGHT SIMULATOR.  
Behind TRIXIE'S DAD, a long line of AIR FORCE CADETS waits,  
shifting impatiently.

\*\*  
\*\*

Trixie scowls at them. \* \*

```

141      TRIxie                                141
(through glass)                                **
Tell 'em to keep their jumpsuits              **
on!                                             **

```

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - NIGHT

Grandpa and Fu counsel Jake. \*\*

```

142      FU DOG
The Strigoi are expert dragon
slayers, kid.  They've iced your
compadres all over the globe.

```

143 JAKE 143  
Yeah? Well, these punks never met \*\*  
the AmDrag.

Fu produces a thick dossier.

[illegible]

He pulls out a photo of a DRAGON standing in front of the Eiffel Tower. It's stamped "SLAIN."

```

145      FU DOG (CONT'D)                                145
...the CanDrag...                                     **

```

Next photo, a DRAGON dressed as a Canadian mountie: "SLAIN." \*\*

146 FU DOG (CONT'D) 146 \*\*  
...and the AzerbaijanDrag.

Last photo: a DRAGON in a sheepskin coat and hat. "SLAIN." \*\*

147 FU DOG 147 \*\*  
That's why we're sendin' you in \*\*  
with a secret weapon... \*\*

Fu produces an open pouch full of sparkling granules. \*\*

148 FU DOG 148 \*\*  
Solar sand. It's the latest in \*\*  
"instant sunshine." Just blow a \*\*  
little fire on these beauties. \*\*  
Once they reach the right \*\*  
temperature, boom -- those pasty \*\*  
punks'll get the suntan of their \*\*  
lives. \*\*

149 GRANDPA 149 \*\*  
But use caution, Dragon. You \*\*  
father must not see your magic. \*\*

150 JAKE 150 \*\*  
(smiles) \*\*  
I got it covered, G. While I'm \*\*  
fighting vampires, Dad'll be \*\*  
fighting the law.

He holds up a nest of automotive wires.

151 JAKE (CONT'D) 151  
Driving with a busted tail light?  
That's a moving violation.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Brad and his father in the cruiser. Brad's dad catches sight  
of a PASSING CAR.

PUNCH IN ON its tail lights: One lit, one dark. \*\*

152 BRAD'S DAD 152 \*\*  
Well, well. \*\*  
(beat) \*\*  
Guess that anonymous tip was solid:  
Brown sedan, local plates, and an \*\*  
"I Heart AM Radio" bumper sticker. \*\*



Brad flips the <SIREN>.

153 BRAD 153  
(over loudspeaker)  
Pull it over, longhair!

INT. DAD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dad squints at the <FLASHING LIGHTS> in his rear-view mirror.

154 DAD 154  
(cursing)  
Oh, fiddle-faddle.

We TILT UP past Dad's car to the night sky, where-- \*\*

Dragon Jake sails over the city... \*\*

EXT. DAD'S OFFICE - NIGHT \*\*

...and lands atop Dad's office building. \*\*

CUT TO: \*\*

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A pair of elevator doors <BING> open, REVEALING--

Queen Liliana, fast asleep.

155 QUEEN LILIANA 155  
<long, ripping snores>

PULL WIDE - She's seated in a wheelchair, flanked by Radu, Sandu and Nicu. Radu whispers to her as he pushes the chair through the hallway.

156 RADU 156  
Soon, my queen, you will be  
restored to your former vigor...

He wheels her through a set of double doors, into--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A spacious, ornate room with a large picture window. A stunning view of the skyline.

157 RADU 157  
...nourished by the sweet nectar of  
dragon blood.

158 JAKE (O.S.) 158  
Yeah, about that...

At the far end of a long table, a chair swivels around. It's Dragon Jake.

159 JAKE (CONT'D) 159  
The only nourishment you're getting  
from me is a knuckle sandwich... \*\*  
(leaping to his feet) \*\*  
...with a side of smack n' cheese. \*\*

160 RADU 160  
The dragon!

The Strigoi surround the table, triangulating Jake's chair.

They let out a <HISS> like striking pythons--

Fangs and fingernails tripling in length--

And pounce from all sides. Jake rockets upward.

The Strigoi <CRACK> heads, landing with a--

<THUD> on the tabletop.

161 RADU/SANDU/NICU 161  
<grunts>

Jake hovers mid-air, <CHUCKLING> at the hapless trio.

162 JAKE 162  
Wow. This is too easy.

The brothers come to, shaking off the impact.

163 JAKE (CONT'D) 163  
You know, for big-shot dragon \*\*  
exterminators...

Nicu swipes at his feet, but Jake dodges him effortlessly.

164 JAKE (CONT'D) 164  
...your game's kinda weak.

Sandu charges at Jake. Jake grabs hold of a chandelier above his head and swings himself into Sandu's chest--

THWONK! Socking him with both feet. Sandu collapses to the ground.

165 SANDU 165  
<impact grunt>

166 JAKE 166  
It's time to wrap this up...with my \*\*  
secret weapon. \*\*

Jake whips out the solar sand. Behind him, Radu raises \*\*  
himself up on his haunches. \*\*

167 RADU 167  
Funny. That's just what I was \*\*  
thinking... \*\*

Jake turns to find-- \*\*

Radu clutching a braided lock of white-blond hair, tied to \*\*  
the end of a spike. \*\*

SNAP-ZOOM on Jake. The cockiness drains from his face.

168 JAKE 168  
(softly)  
Sphinx hair.

169 RADU 169  
In our native tongue, it is known  
as "Talisman Killdragonosa."

170 NICU 170 \*\*  
(brightly) \*\*  
Available commercially as "Dragon  
Begone."

Jake's posture wilts. The sand pouch slips from his hand-- \*\*

And drops to the floor. \*\*

Sandu and Nicu spring at him, each seizing an arm. Radu \*\*  
steps closer. He drags the Sphinx hair along Jake's \*\*  
forehead.

171 RADU (CONT'D) 171  
Can you feel your power  
fading...your vitality leaking out?  
In seconds, you'll be helpless.  
Lifeless. Like a  
floppy...little...

Jake's head droops.

172 RADU (CONT'D) 172  
..."drag doll."

173 SANDU 173  
Please, Radu, may I finish him?  
Please-please-please-please?

174 RADU 174  
Be my guest.

Sandu positions Jake, then grabs the chandelier, swings back, delivering a hard kick with his boots--

Sending Jake flying through the double doors.

FOOM!

Jake hits the corridor wall, POPPING TO HUMAN FORM ON IMPACT. The doors swing shut before the Strigoi can glimpse Human Jake.

BACK TO THE STRIGOI

175 RADU (CONT'D) 175  
What was that?

176 SANDU 176  
A Flying Chandy Kick.  
(off their look)  
What? He did it to me.

As they bicker, we--

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jake stirs, regaining consciousness. He rubs his head. \*\*

177 JAKE 177  
<woozy groan>

FROM HIS HAZY P.O.V., we see:

A blurry figure approaching from a distance. A suit and tie. Glasses. The figure bends down. A familiar voice.

178 DAD (O.S.) 178  
Jake?

He swims into focus: It's Dad.

179 DAD (CONT'D) 179  
Jake...who hurt you? \*\*

We hear <ACKLING>.

Dad's head whips to the conference room. His expression steels.

180 DAD (CONT'D) 180  
Stay here, son.

Jake's eyes widen.

181 JAKE 181  
No! Dad!

Too late. KA-THUNK! Dad kicks open the doors with his heel. The Strigoi are startled.

182 RADU 182  
Back so soon?

Radu looks him up and down.

183 RADU (CONT'D) 183  
I suppose you think the Sphinx hair  
is useless against your human form.  
A common mistake.

Radu waves the Sphinx hair across his face.

184 DAD 184  
You...you hurt my Jake. Nobody  
does that.

185 RADU 185  
You named your dragon self "Jake"?

Nicu leans close, confiding in Dad. \*\*

186 NICU 186 \*\*  
(whispers) \*\*  
Don't let him tease you. I named \*\*  
my fangs "Lefty" and "Bitey." \*\*

ON JAKE - With great effort, he army-crawls into the doorway. Still weakened by the Sphinx hair, he rasps in a barely audible voice:

187 JAKE 187  
Dad...no...

The Strigoi surround Dad, gnashing their fangs.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - RE-ESTABLISH

The Strigoi close in on Dad, <HISSING> menacingly.

**TIGHT ON JAKE** - He squeezes his eyes shut. He hears the first blow. <BASH!> The second. <SMASH!> The third. <CRASH!>

\*\*

Jake opens an eye to find--

Dad in his Ju Jazzu warrior stance...

...with Radu, Sandu and Nicu writhing on the floor.

188 RADU/SANDU/NICU 188  
<pained groans>

**Jake can't believe it.**

\*\*

189 JAKE 189  
D-Dad?

The brothers struggle to their feet. Jake looks on in concern.

190 JAKE (CONT'D) 190  
Dragon...up.

**Nothing.** He grits his teeth, summoning all his strength.

\*\*

191 JAKE (CONT'D) 191  
Dragon. Up.

**SCALES FLICKER FAINTLY** along his arm...then **VANISH.**

\*\*

BACK IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM - **Dad thwarts Sandu's attack with a windmill block.** Sandu hisses at Radu.

\*\*

\*\*

192 SANDU 192  
I don't understand...**the Sphinx hair has no effect!**

\*\*

\*\*

**Frustrated, he stabs the spike into the conference table.**

\*\*

**ON JAKE** - His eyes drift from the Sphinx hair...to the pouch of solar sand just under the table.

\*\*

\*\*

BACK TO CONFERENCE ROOM

In a flurry of moves, Dad disposes of Sandu--

POW!

Then Nicu--

WHAM!

Then Radu...

...catches Dad's leg.

193 DAD 193  
<yelp>

He's suddenly vulnerable. Radu flips Dad backward. He lands \*\*  
with an <OOF!> on his back. \*\*

The vampires surround Dad. They have a ravenous look in  
their eyes, like carrion crows with fresh roadkill.

Jake watches through the door.

194 JAKE 194  
Dad!

With all his might, Jake crawls for the solar sand. He \*\*  
reaches out-- \*\*

195 JAKE (CONT'D) 195  
<straining>

His fingers close around it. He draws a <DEEP BREATH> and \*\*  
brings it to his lips. He attempts to blow fire... \*\*

196 JAKE 196 \*\*  
<wheezing> \*\*

...but only coughs a WISP OF SMOKE. The Sphinx hair is too \*\*  
powerful. Jake searches the room-- \*\*

Settling on the BrewHaHa 4000 Espresso Machine. He smiles \*\*  
weakly. \*\*

THROUGH THE DOORWAY - Radu wheels in a comatose Queen Liliana \*\*  
to Dad's body, slumped face-down on the carpet. \*\*

197 RADU 197  
Awake, my queen. We have delivered  
the American Dragon. Let the feast  
begin.

CLOSE ON QUEEN LILIANA - Her eyes flutter open.

She looks down and grasps Dad by the collar. \*\*

ACROSS THE ROOM - Jake pulls himself to his feet, facing the-- \*\*

Espresso machine. \*\*

He opens the filter basket and empties the pouch into it, shaking out every granule. \*\*

With his last ounce of strength, he thrusts down the lever. \*\*

ON QUEEN LILIANA - She pulls Dad close, ready to bite. \*\*  
Suddenly his head flops over-- \*\*

REVEALING his face. The Queen <GAGS> at the sight.

198 QUEEN LILIANA (CONT'D) 198  
Wha--? Wh-Who is this?!

199 RADU 199  
What do you mean, Mama? This is the dragon.

200 QUEEN LILIAN 200  
You ninnies! The dragon I saw was small, boyish, green-haired-- \*\*

201 JAKE (O.S.) 201  
Yo, don't forget "rock-star handsome."

She jerks her head towards Jake-- \*\*

Waving calmly from the other side of the room. \*\*

202 QUEEN LILIANA 202  
There he is! This is the dragon!

203 RADU 203  
Get him!

The Strigoi stumble towards Jake.

Just then we hear a distinct: <BEEP!> <BEEP!> <BEEP!> \*\*

204 JAKE 204 \*\*  
(re: beeping) \*\*  
Ooh, coffee's ready. What better way to greet the dawn? \*\*

As they near-- \*\*

Jake steps aside like a matador, revealing the espresso machine. \*\*

The solar sand is piping hot, rattling in the filter. \*\*  
Suddenly each grain bursts with searing whiteness-- \*\*



Flooding the room with SUNLIGHT.

\*\*

The Strigoi throw their hands over their eyes...

\*\*

205 STRIGOI  
NOOOO!!!

205

\*\*

...then <POOF>, one by one, into FOUR PILES OF ASH.

\*\*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAD'S CUBICLE - LATER

\*\*

Grandpa and Jake attend to Dad, who's propped unconscious in a swivel chair. Grandpa swabs Dad's lips with a magic elixir.

\*\*

\*\*

206 GRANDPA  
This elixir should restore your  
father to full health.

206

207 JAKE  
Hey, Gramps...shouldn't we wipe his  
memory while we're at it?

207

208 GRANDPA  
(shakes his head)  
No need. When he wakes, your  
father will only recall a strange  
meeting with aggressive, out-of-  
town clients.

208

209 JAKE  
Yeah, but, see...I said some stuff  
to Dad I kinda wanna erase.  
(softly)  
I said I didn't wanna be like him.

209

Grandpa rises.

210 GRANDPA  
Jake...do you know why you were  
chosen as the American Dragon?

210

Jake sits up, listening intently.

211 GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
It is true, your dragon powers come  
from your mother...but the Dragon  
Council considers both parents.  
Your human father may be a bit,  
well...

211

\*\*

\*\*

(MORE)

34.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

odd, but he is also courageous,  
kind and honest. An example for  
you to follow.

Grandpa turns and exits. Jake studies his Dad.

212 JAKE

Dad? Time to wake up...

He casts his eyes around the cubicle. He grabs the electronic noisemaker and holds it to Dad's ear.

<FFRRAAPPPTT!>

Dad <CHUCKLES> as if waking from a funny dream.

213 DAD

Heh-heh. Someone's been hittin'  
the three-bean salad...  
(eyes flutter open)  
Oh...hey there, Jakerino. I  
mean...Jake.

He sits up wearily.

214 DAD

So...what were you doing here tonight?

215 JAKE

Are you kidding? I couldn't resist  
seein' "King Conference" in action.

Jake cell phone <RINGS>.

216 JAKE (CONT'D)

One sec, Dad.  
(into phone)  
Yo.

INTERCUT - JAKE AND MARNIE ON PHONE

Marnie stands on her porch. The last of the PARTYGOERS file  
past her.

217 MARNIE

Hey, Jake. You missed a killer party tonight.

218 JAKE

(lights up)  
Hi, Marnie. Yeah, about that, I--

219 MARNIE 219 \*\*  
 I don't want an apology...just a \*\*  
 raincheck. What are you doing \*\*  
 tomorrow? \*\*

Jake hesitates. He looks up at Dad, who straightens his tie.

220 JAKE (CONT'D) 220 \*\*  
 I'm so sorry, Marnie...I've kinda \*\*  
 got other plans. \*\*  
 (listening) \*\*  
 Yeah. You too. Later. \*\*

Jake shuts his phone and rises. \*\*

221 JAKE 221 \*\*  
 Well, Dad, we better rest up for \*\*  
 tomorrow...we got a big day at \*\*  
 Rockaway Beach. \*\*

Dad turns. Off his thrilled expression, we...

DISSOLVE TO: \*\*

EXT. SPUDINSKI HOME - NEXT DAY \*\*

Spud and Mrs. Spudinski sit on the front stoop, bathrobes tied over their pajamas.

Spud squints at something off-screen. He rises. \*\*

222 SPUD 222 \*\*  
 Incoming! \*\*

A PAPERBOY (with a helmet) cycles up on a bike and chucks the morning paper at their feet. Spud snatches it up. \*\*

223 MRS. SPUDINSKI 223 \*\*  
 Okay...what's the damage? \*\*

Spud flips to the food section and skims the page. \*\*

224 SPUD 224 \*\*  
 Here we go -- "Food Court." \*\*  
 Familio Festevedro's gets... \*\*  
 (his face falls) \*\*  
 ...two and a half stars. \*\*

225 MRS. SPUDINSKI 225 \*\*  
 I knew it. \*\*

226 SPUD 226  
 Aw, Mom...I'm sorry I let you down.

227	MRS. SPUDINSKI	227	
	Nonsense, Arthur. Your effort was		**
	worth all the stars in the sky.		
	Who cares about some professional		**
	face-stuffer and his silly column?		**

She pulls him into a tight hug. Over her shoulder...Spud glances at the paper.

228	SPUD	228	
	Uh...Mom? I think the Judge's		**
	scale is <u>three</u> stars.		**

229	MRS. SPUDINSKI	229	**
	Wha--? Give me that!		**

Mrs. Spudinski grabs the paper. \*\*

230	MRS. SPUDINSKI	230	
	Two and a half out of three?		**
	That's-- That's like an A minus!		**

231	SPUD	231	
	(reading)		
	Cutler writes, "Familio		**
	Festevedro's is a treasure...we		**
	were truly charmed by our high-		**
	energy waiter. My son Leonard was		
	recovering from a root canal, and		
	due to a high dose of muscle		
	relaxant, couldn't smile or eat		
	solid foods. But when we got home,		
	he exclaimed..."		

WHOOSH PAN TO:

INT. CUTLER HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON LEONARD - still creepily devoid of facial movement. He mouths the following in Spud's voice:

232	SPUD (V.O.)	232	
	"...Papa, this was the best day of		
	my life."		

ACOUSTIC GUITAR MUSIC carries us into...

A FATHER-SON MONTAGE - ROCKAWAY BEACH

--Dad smooths a sand castle with the back of a plastic shovel.

Well behind Dad, Jake whistles to passing FAIRIES, who surround him. He gestures to the castle. The fairies nod and zip away...

...returning with tiny flags, posting them in every turret. Dad looks up, charmed.

--Dad and Jake pedal up a steep incline on a bicycle built for two. Dad, in the front seat, strains to make it over the hump.

Jake sucks a deep, flaming breath and BACKFIRES OUT HIS REAR, propelling them up the hill.

Dad shrugs: Guess I got a second wind.

--BACK ON THE PIER -- Jake has fallen asleep waiting for a bite on his fishing line.

Dad reels in a fish. He quietly hooks the fish on Jake's line, then nudges Jake awake: You got a live one there. Jake holds it up, proud.

--Father and son walk the length of the coast.

As they near, Dad DISSOLVES into ADULT JAKE...

\*\*

...and Jake DISSOLVES into JAKE'S FUTURE SON.

\*\*

Jake drapes his arm over the boy's shoulder as they disappear into the horizon.

FADE OUT.

END SHOW